As to throw out our eyes for braue *Othello*.
3 *Gent.* Come, lets doe so,
For euery minute is expectancy
Of more arriuance, *Enter* Cassio.
Cas. Thankes to the valiant of this worthy Isle,
That so approue the Moore, and let the heauens
Giue him defence against their Elements,
For I haue lost him on a dangerous sea.
Mon. Is he well shipt?
Cas. His Barke is stoutly timberd, and his Pilate
Of very expert and approu'd allowance,
Therefore my hope's not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure. *Enter a Messenger.*
Mess. A saile, a saile, a saile.
Cas. What noyse?
Mess. The Towne is empty, on the brow o'th sea,
otand ranckes of people, and they cry a sayle.
Cas. My hopes doe shape him for the guernement.
2 *Gen.* They doe discharge the shot of courtesie,
Our friend at least. *A shot.*
Cas. I pray you sir goe forth,
And giue vs truth, who tis that is arriu'd.
2 *Gent.* I shall. *Exit.*
Mon. But good Leiutenant, is your Generall wiu'd?
Cas. Most fortunately, he hath atchieu'd a maide,
That parragons description, and wild fame:
One that excells the blasoning pens,
And in the essentiall vesture of creation,
Does beare all excellency: --- now, who has put in?
Enter 2. *Gentleman.*
2 *Gent.* Tis one *Iago*, ancient to the Generall,
He has had most fauourable and happy speede,
Tempests themselues, by seas, and houling windes,
The guttered rocks, and congregated sands,
Traitors ensperped; to clog the guiltlesse Keele,
As hauing sence of beauty, do omit
Their common natures, letting goe safely by

The

The diuine *Desdemona*.
Mon. What is she?
Cas. She that I spoke of, our g
Left in the conduct of the bold I
Whose footing here anticipates o
A sennights speede --- great *Iove*
And swell his saile with thine ow
That he may blesse this Bay with
And swiftly come to *Desdemona's*

Enter Desdemona, Iago, En
Giue renewd fire,
To our extincted spirits.
And bring all *Cypresse* comfort, --
The riches of the ship is come ash
Ye men of *Cypres*, let her haue you
Haile to thee Lady: and the grac
Before, behinde thee, and on euery
Enwheele thee round.
Desd. I thanke you valiant *Ca*
What tidings can you tell me of
Cas. He is not yet arriued, no
But that hee's well, and will be sh
Desd. O but I feare: --- how
[w
Cas. The great contention of
Parted our fellowship: but harke
2 *Gent.* They giue their gree
This likewise is a friend.
Cas. So speakes this voyce:
Good Ancient, you are welcome,
Let it not gall your patience, good
That I extend my manners, tis my
That giues me this bold shew of c
Iag. For would she giue you s
As of her tongue, she has bestowe
You'd haue enough.

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